

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare; it is not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't, I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every lacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vnder take euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiours.

2. It is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascal; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princeesse, Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endurst, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd, A Mother hourly coyning plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the foule expulsiō is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act Of the diuorce, heeld make the Heauens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnsak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Please you Madam,

Imo. What house is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the leafer where I haue left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning;

And if thou canst awake by foure o'clock,

I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me befeech yee.

Sleeper.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deere they doe't: 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th Taper

Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids,

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd

With Biew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th Story.

Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaner Moueables

Would testifie, 'enrich mine Inuentorie.

O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard,

'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

To'th madding of her Lord. On her left breast

Amole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I'th bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,

Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret

Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and'tane

The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?

Why should I write this downe, that's riueted

Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,

The Tale of *Troiu*, heere the leaiffe's turn'd downe

Where *Philomela* gaue vp. I haue enough,

To'th Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning

May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heaucnly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.

The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larks at Heauens gate sing,

and Phoebus gins arise,

His Steeds to water at these Springs

on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes

With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaired Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.

2. Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so early: he cannot choose but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assay'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on't, And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to'th King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be friended With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistis, Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede T'employ you towards this Romane.

Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue ho, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes *Diana's* Rangers false themselues, yeeld vp Their Deere to'th stand o'th Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe: Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe. By your leaue. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Sonne.

La. That's mere

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours, Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

La. How my good name? or to report of you What I shall thinke is good. The Princeesse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue, Is telling you that I am poore of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me: If you sweare still, your recompence is still That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent, I would not speake. I pray you spare me, faith I shall vnfold equall discourtesie To your best kindest: one of your great knowing Shoulde learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin, I will not.

Imo. Fooies are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad, That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so verball: and learne now, for all, That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so neere the lacke of Charitie To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o'th Court: It is no Contract, none; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules (On whom there is no more dependencie But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

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